Watts Sch... ...cing Library
D.C.H.C.

Watts Hospital School of Nursing
Director of Recruitment Office

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To every thing there is a season, and a time to
every purpose under the heaven;
2 A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to
plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
3 A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to
break down, and a time to build up;
4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to
mourn, and a time to dance;
5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather
stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to
refrain from embracing;
6 A time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep
and a time to cast away;
7 A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep
silence, and a time to speak;
8 A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war,
and a time of peace.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

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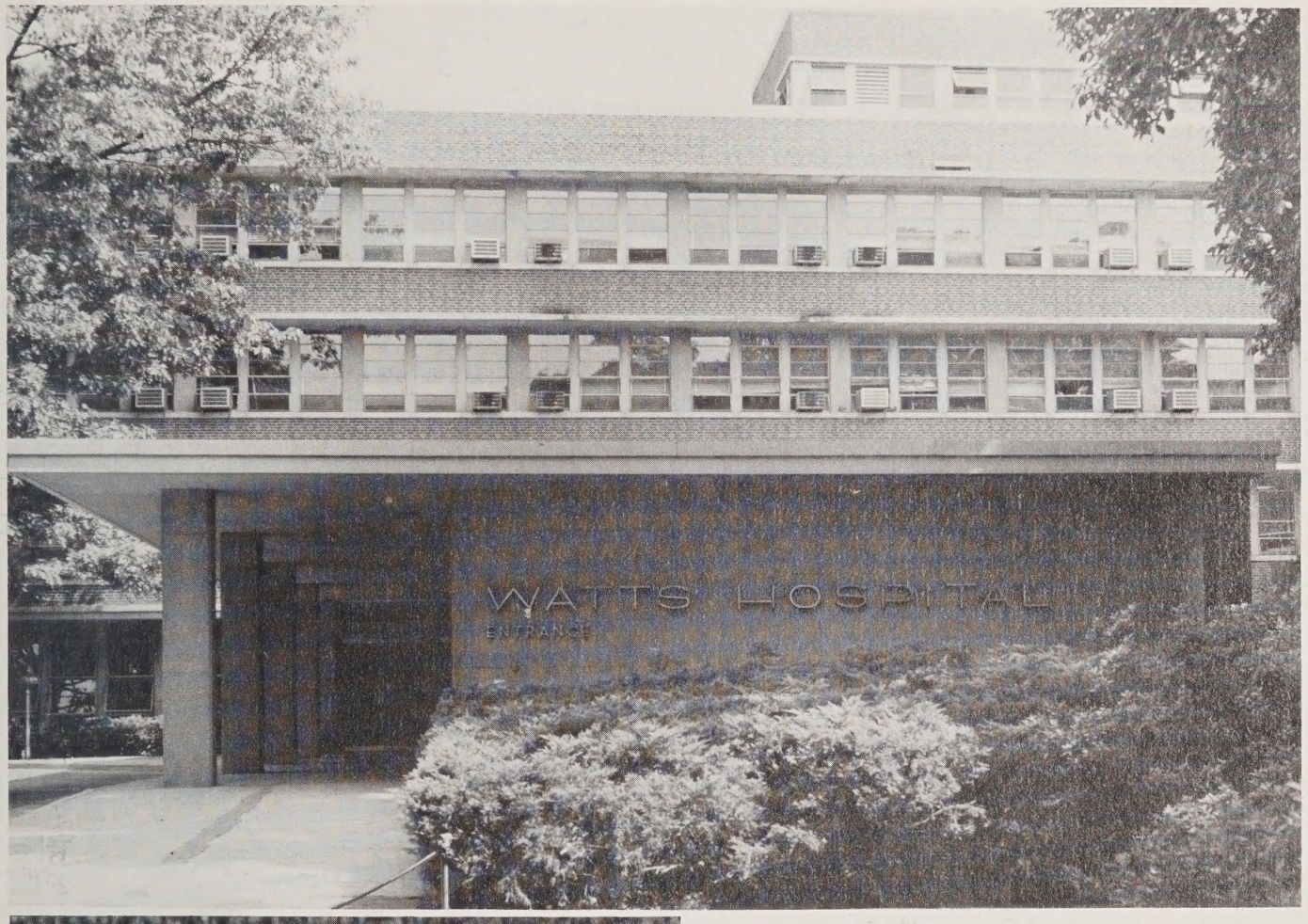
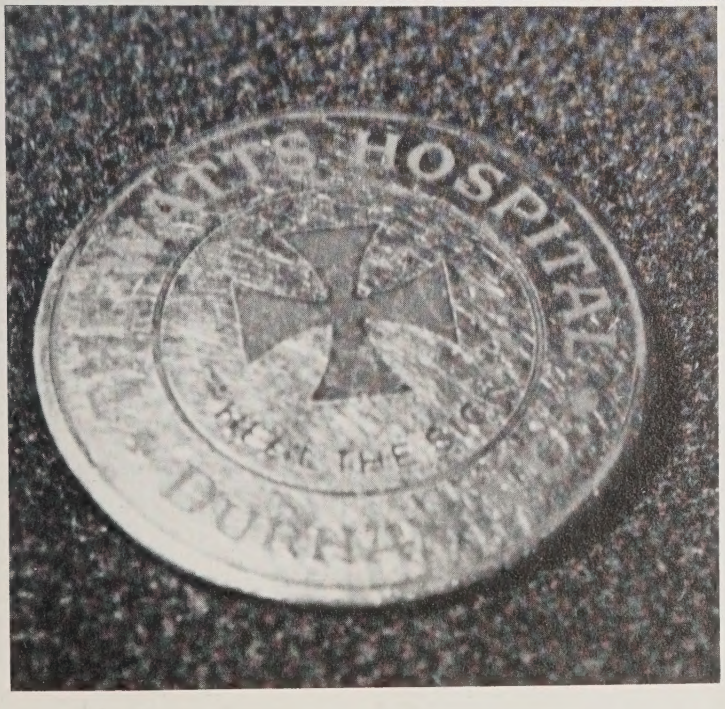
Students 64





THE WHITE CAP

Published by the Annual Staff

of

Watts Hospital

School of Nursing

Durham, N. C.

1973

Co-editors — Janice Jones

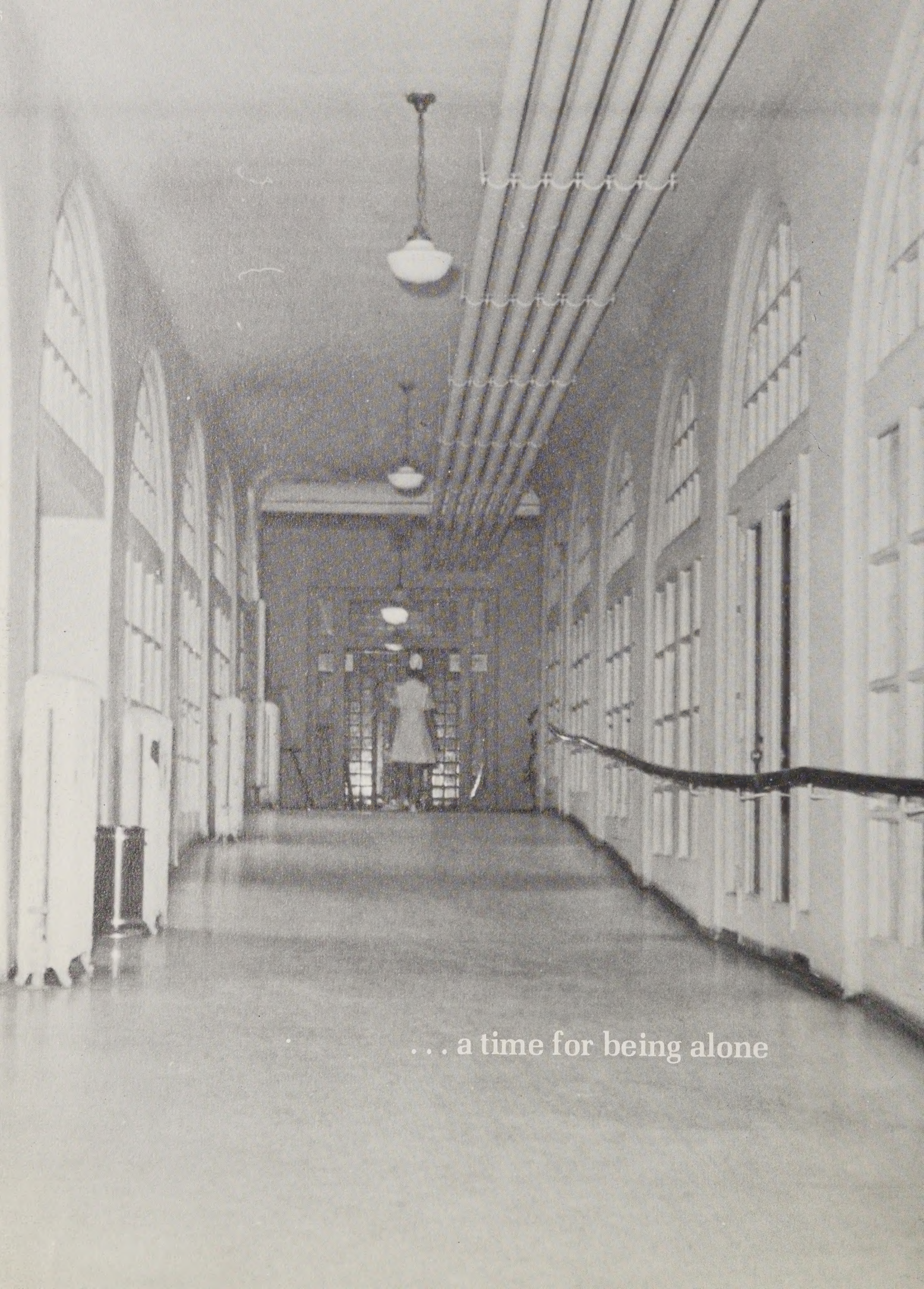
Debbie Pendergrass

There is a time
for growing

. . . a time for thinking

learning

knowing



. . . a time for being alone

. . . a time for seeing

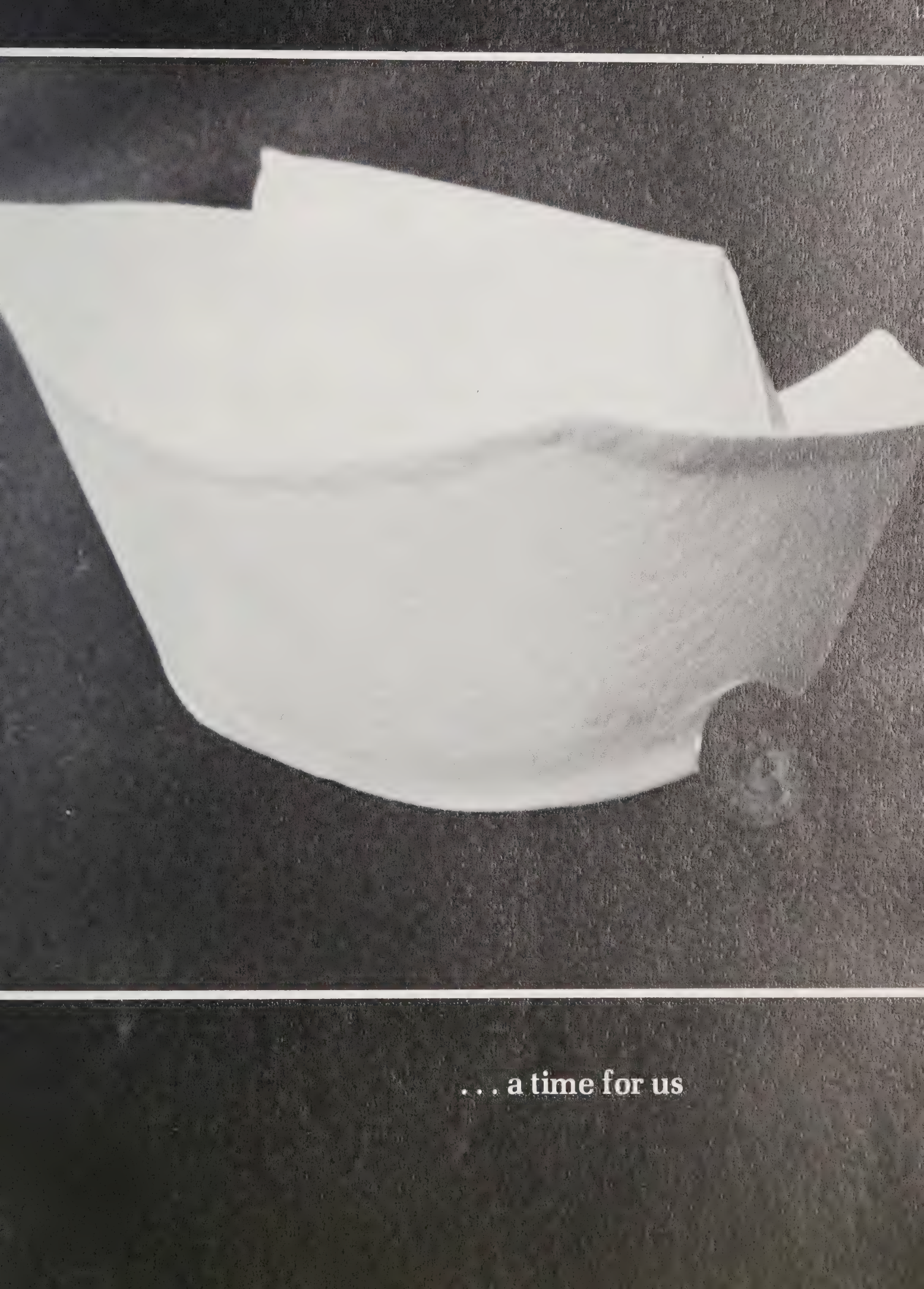
. . . ne for wandering
arching
being

time to discover who we are

. . . a time for sharing

. . . a time for touching
loving
caring

. . . a time for being
together


. . . a time for us

Dear Patients:

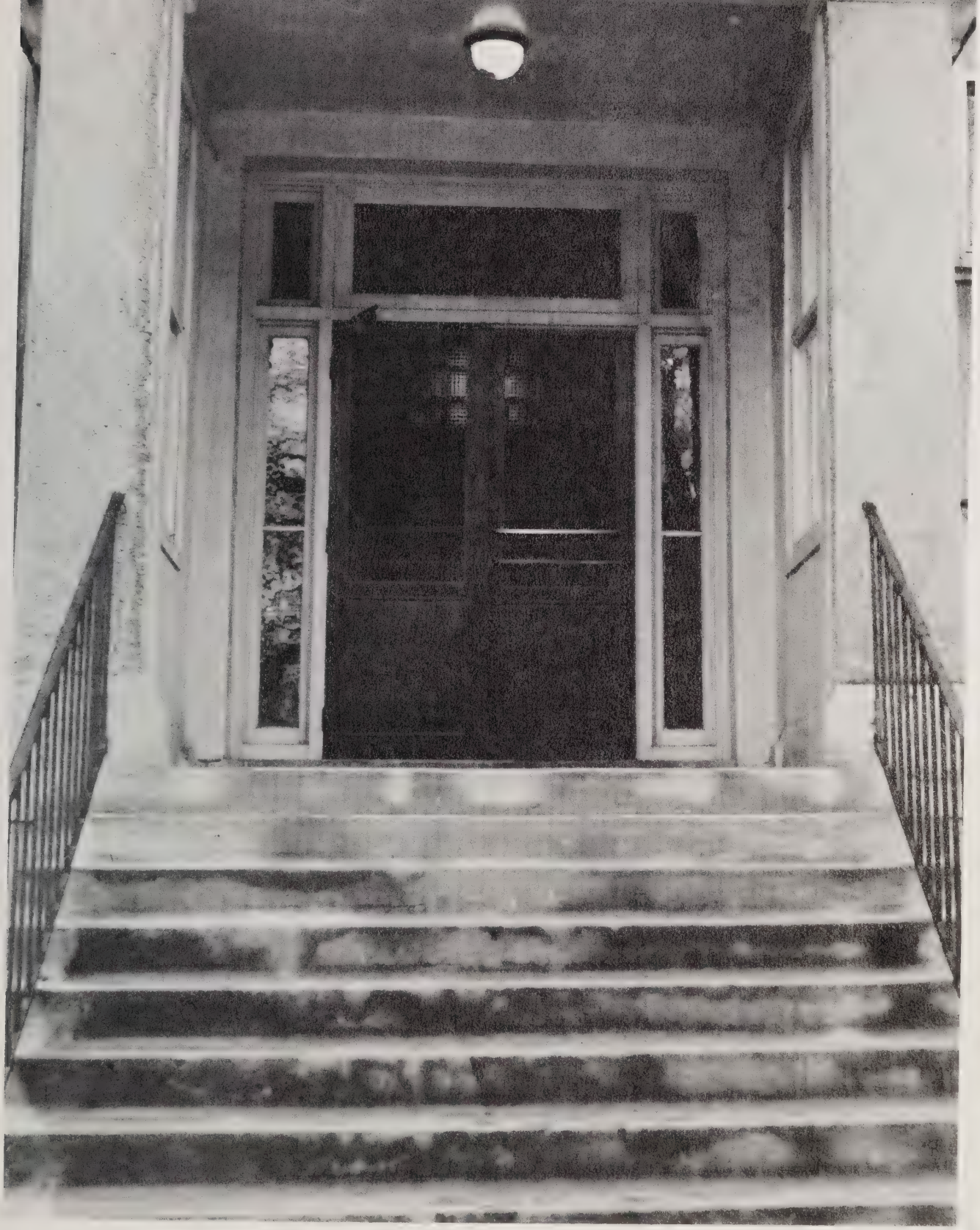
Sometime, somewhere, somehow during our training years there has been a patient—one patient—who has made nursing mean what it does to each one of us. He has come in many disguises, but he has made nursing worth all the tears and disappointments we have known.

He may have been a severely burned child in pediatrics who taught us to hope. He may have been a mother in obstetrics who taught us to love, or a stillborn who showed us sorrow and silent tears. He may have been a "hopeless" patient who walked out and taught us all about the will to live. He may have been a psychiatric patient who taught us to give of ourselves. He may have been a terminal patient who taught us death could be a blessing or that God is still the most powerful force on earth. He may have been a very ordinary patient who made us realize nursing is the finest profession in the world.

He may never know the important part he has played in our lives, or how firmly entrenched he is in our hearts and minds, but we know. It is to this patient that we gratefully dedicate our yearbook and our lives.

With Sincere Appreciation,

The Class of 1973

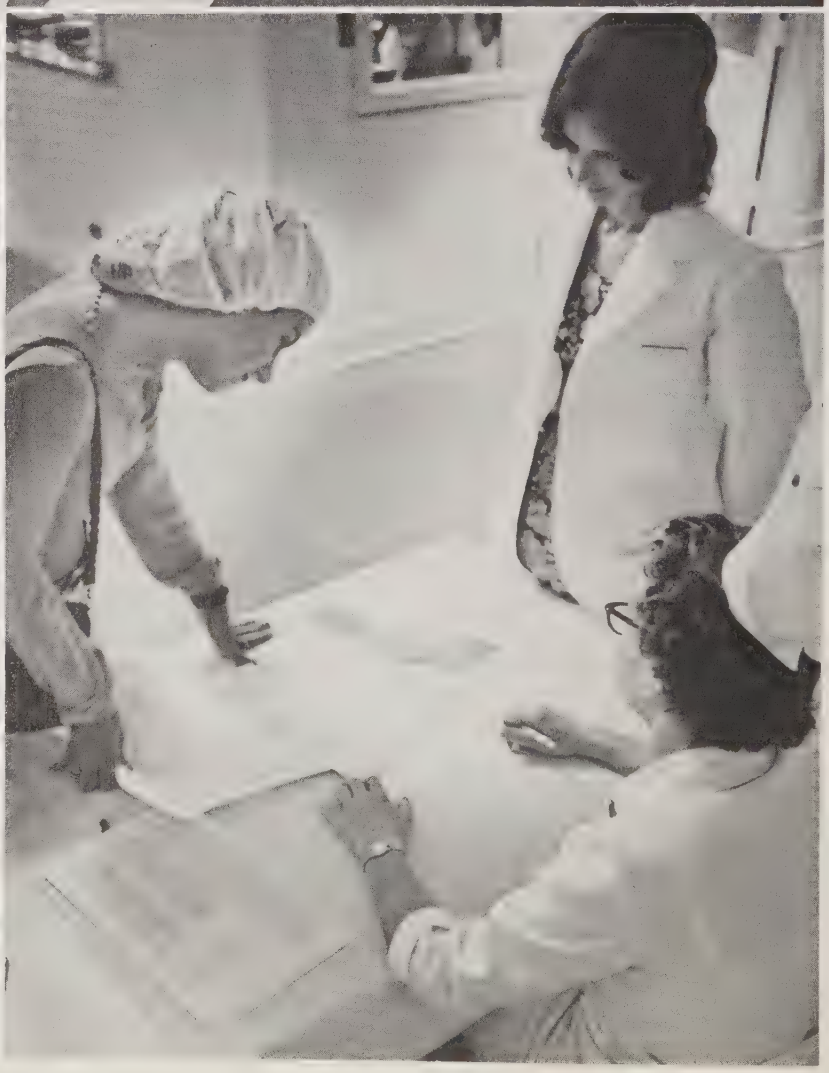


Has it really been three years since we first passed through these doors? Who could have imagined the variety of experiences and rewards contained within. Each area had its own special personality . . . as varied as the students training there. Let us open these doors one last time as a student . . . that we might remember.

ACTIVITIES

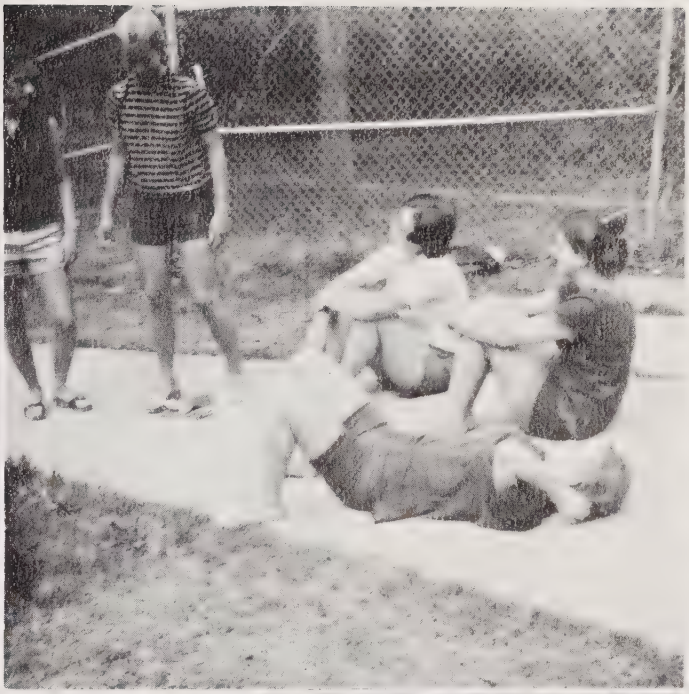
A TIME FOR FUN

First Day
Big Sisters
Scrub Caps
WTE
We love
you Seniors
White Caps
with
Black Bands . . .



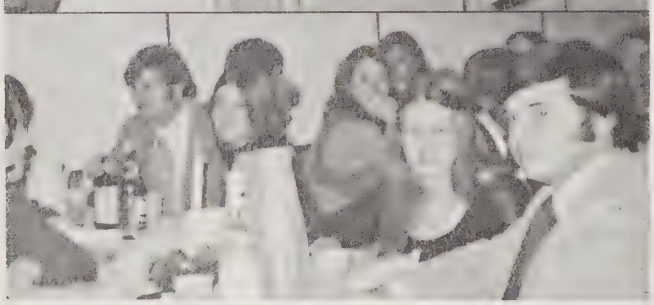
Hey Hey
Goin' be a Show Down

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

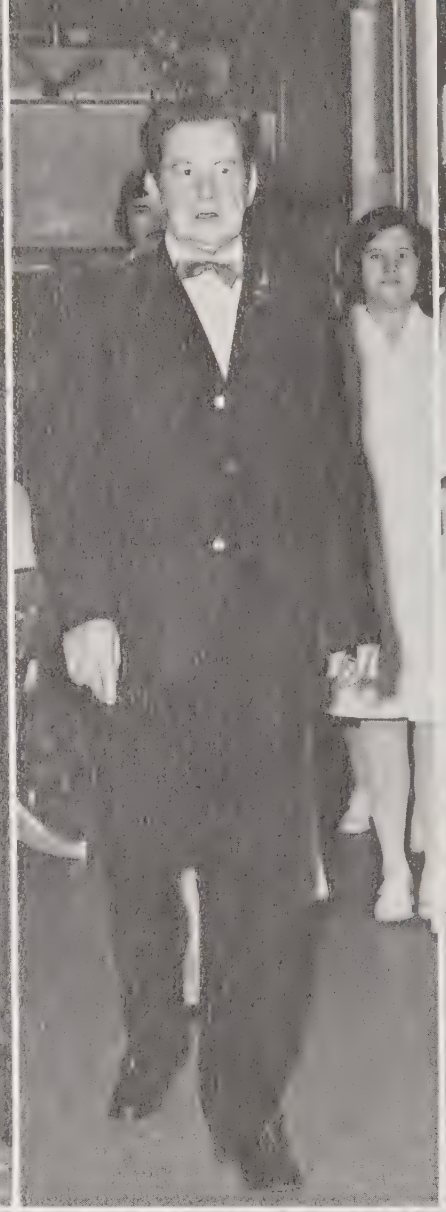


Each month several activities are planned. There is a wide variety: teas, pool parties, dances, glee club, discussion groups, and mixers. Through these activities the student is better able to expand her school life and take advantage of opportunities for leadership, in a wide range of areas.

CHRISTMAS



DANCE



CHRISTMAS

CAROLING

BLACK BANDING

ANNIE

Annie, who appears to be a chipped and battered figurine, has a meaning beyond that which she presents. Since 1943 she has been a tradition at Watts. From the first year that Annie moved in, she has become a symbol of congeniality and understanding between two chosen roommates. This year, Annie has lived with LYNNE NORFOLK and ANNEKE ALGRA.

SANTA FILOMENA

To be chosen for the honor, the students selected must have exhibited qualities of outstanding leadership, dedication, love of nursing, and be relatively high in scholastic standing. The members of this special society are selected each May. We feel that Anneke Algra, Dianne Hall, Lynne Norfolk, Chris Parham, Debbie Wallace, and Ev Yount well deserve this honor.

WHITE CAP DANCE 1973

A great year comes to an end with our White Cap Dance. Each class anticipated the dance in individual ways and chose representative candidates. We made plans and joined our classmates in projects. With the support of our friends and co-workers in the hospital, everyone was hoping her class would win. This meant their candidate would be crowned "Miss White Cap."

Chris Parham, Senior

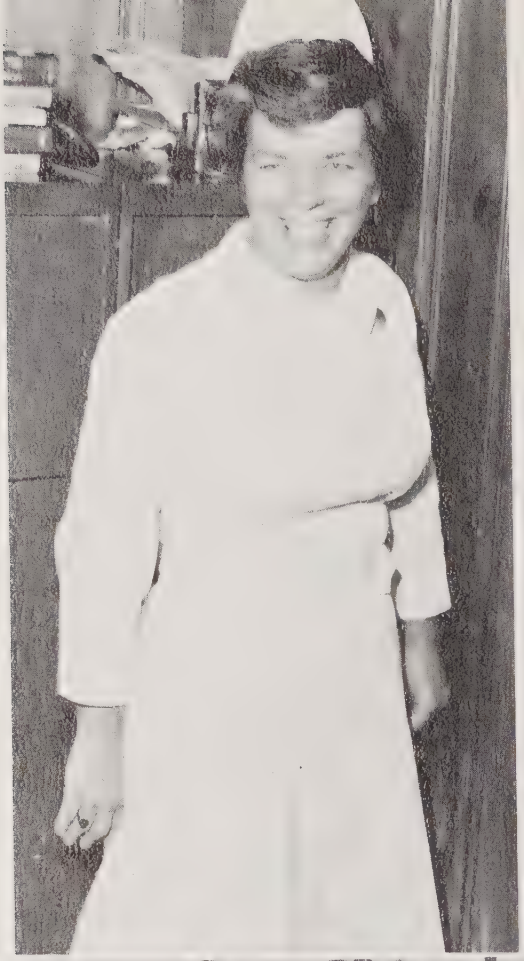
Karan Sinclair, Junior

Phyllis Harris, Freshman

WHITE CAP CANDIDATES

ORGANIZATIONS

. . . a time for
interaction



STUDENT COUNCIL

C S U

GLEE CLUB

WHITE CAP STAFF

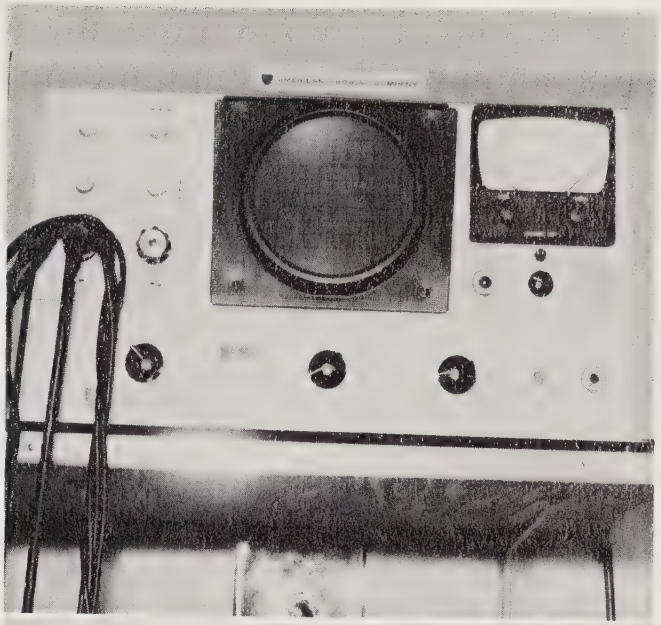
L to R: F. Williams, T. Elder, D. Pendergrass, co-editor, J. Jones, co-editor, S. Williams, D. Williams.

EDITOR'S NOTE

We, the editors of the **White Cap,** proudly present this annual to you. Our intention was to capture each phase of our lives at Watts. We think it was hard and demanding, but it has been rewarding. Information had to be gathered, pictures taken, and many lines of copy written. There were times when we could not get the right people together for the right things. But, all in all, it has been fun. We would like to thank Mrs. Patty Hil' for all of her support and understanding. A special "thank you" goes to each and everyone of our classmates for their patience and assistance.

Sincerely,
Debbie Pendergrass
Janice Jones

WORKING



QUIET

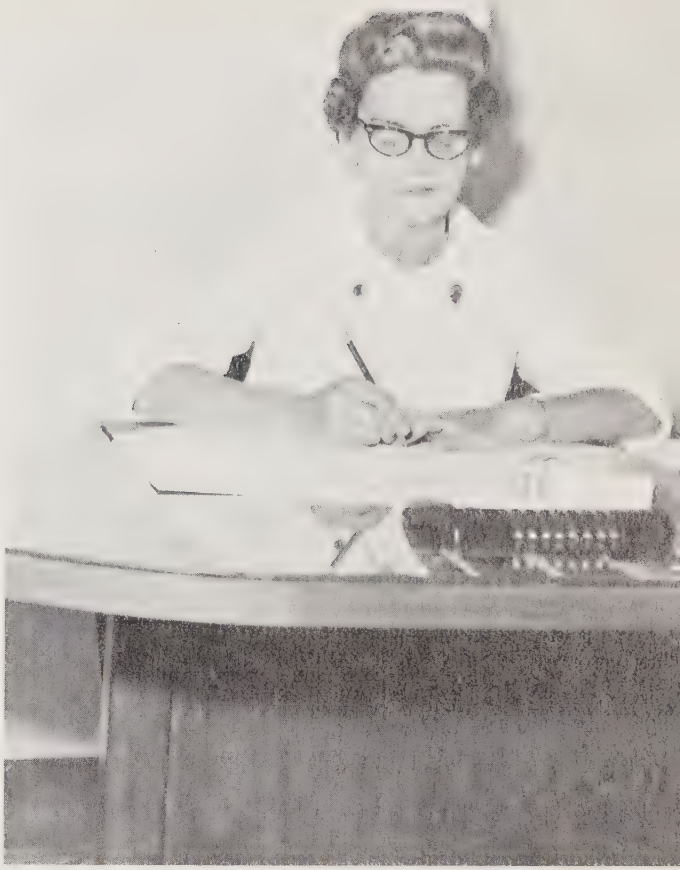
ADMINISTRATION

L to R: Mr. Ed McCauley — Director of Hospital, Mr. Earl Powell — Asst. Director.

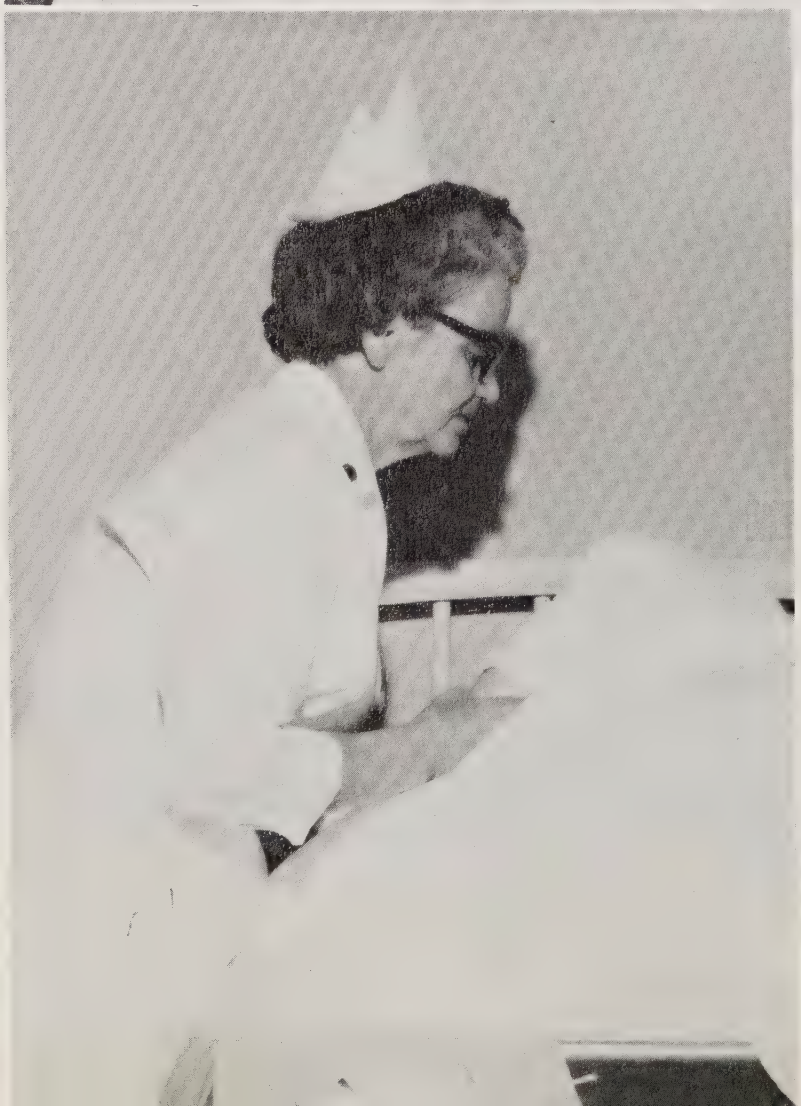
Mrs. Marie Robeson
Director of Nursing

Miss Beverly Smith
Director of Nursing Education

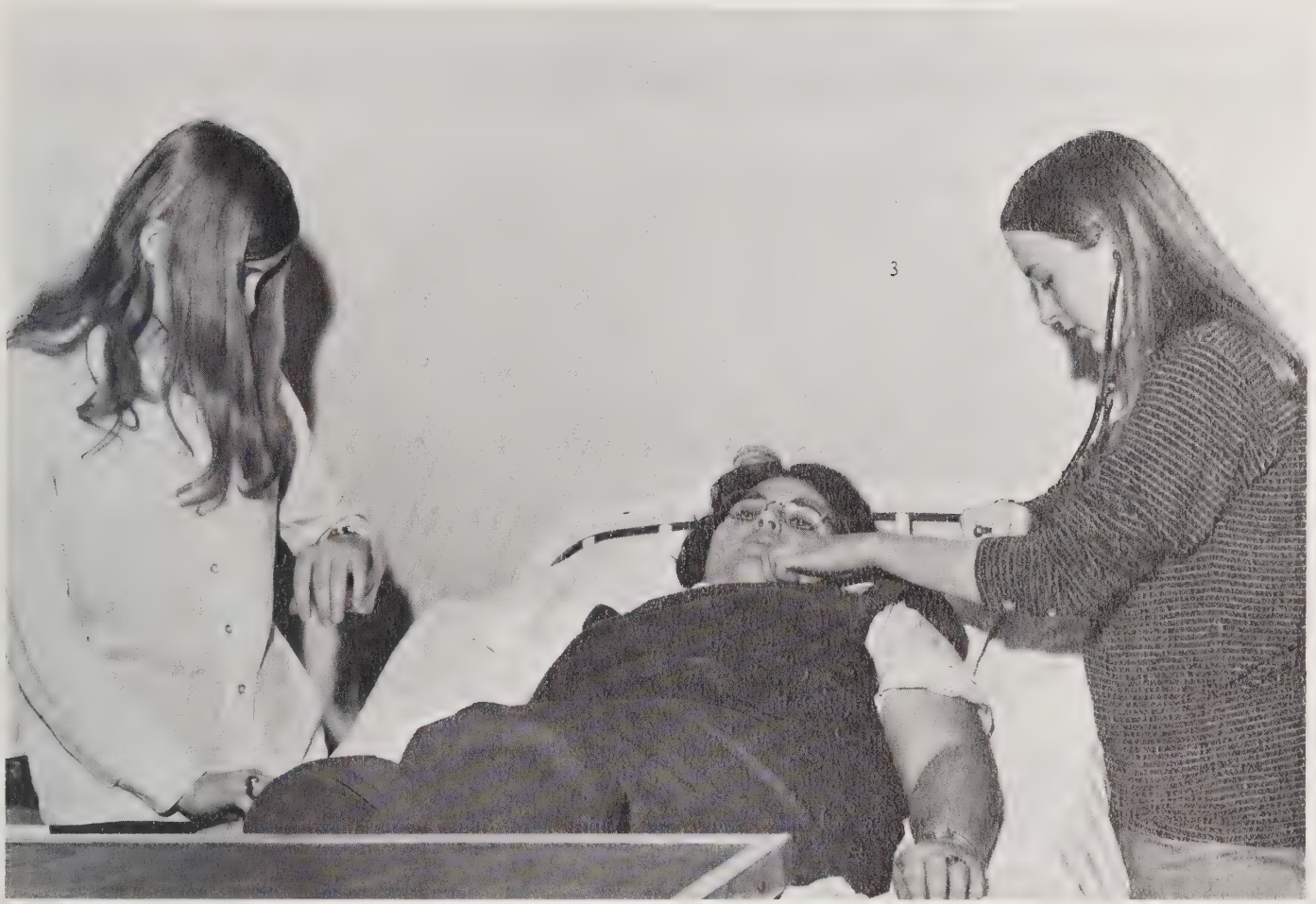
MED-SURG I



FUNDAMENTALS



Fundamentals is the "framework" on which the freshmen will build their next three years. Here, under supervision, they learn the basic techniques and the "whys"; together, these are carried to the clinical area for practical application.



N.C.C.U.

. . . a time to chat and relax

Don't Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit—
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns;
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won, had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.

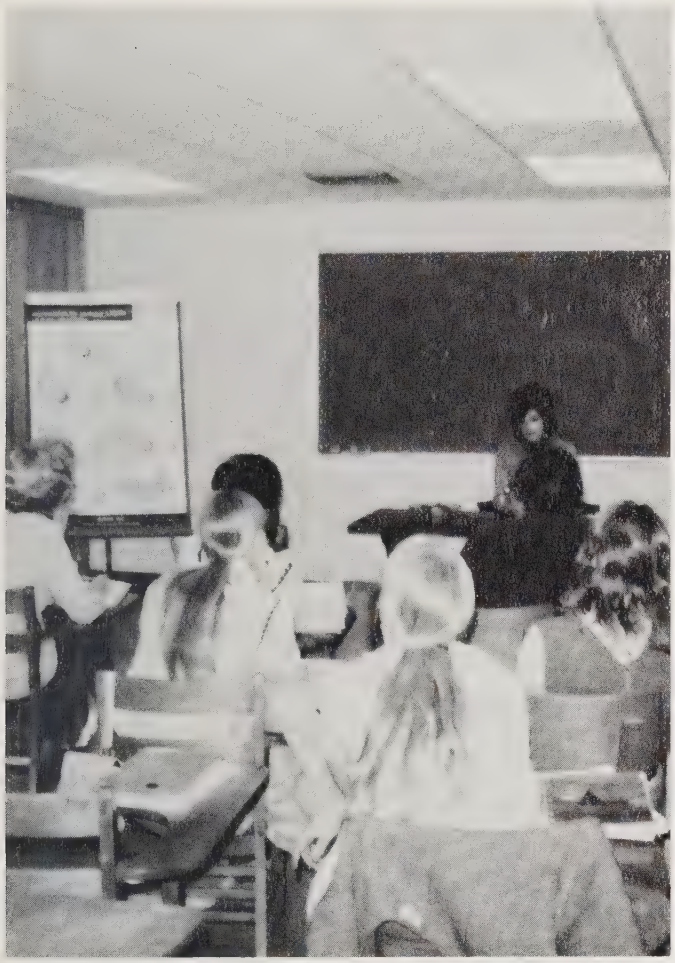
Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the night came down,
How close he was to the winning crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near, when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

OBSTETRICS

MRS. DEE LOWDERMILK

MRS. ANN CARROLL



Bone of my bones, And flesh of my flesh. . .

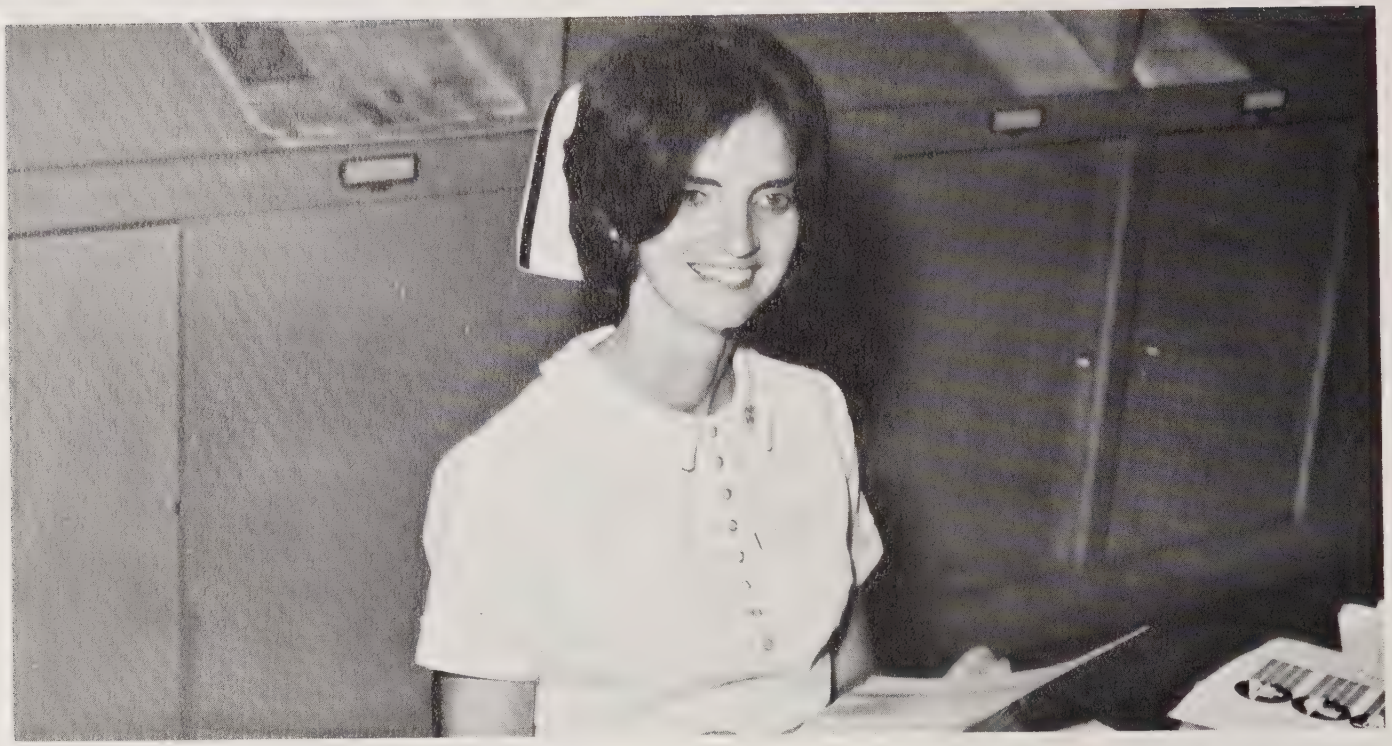
Genesis 2:23

She is
a tree
of
life
to them . . .

Proverbs 3:18

First came the pain and then the miracle of birth, exploding right before one's wonder filled eyes. How tiny they are. The reaching out of one's hand to help is all that is needed. This helps the feeble grow strong. It only takes a minute and lasts a lifetime.

PEDIATRICS



Patty Hill

Nancy Peters

Pediatrics includes the young, honest,
little ones who mean so much to us.
Diapers, toys, laughter, tears and
little feet will always remain in our
hearts and in the future yet to come.
One thought we leave to others, precious
things do come in small packages.

ICN

"When seeing eyes
which yearn
for help
and hearing cries
of despair;
run eagerly for
it with arms
out stretched
and a hungry
heart."

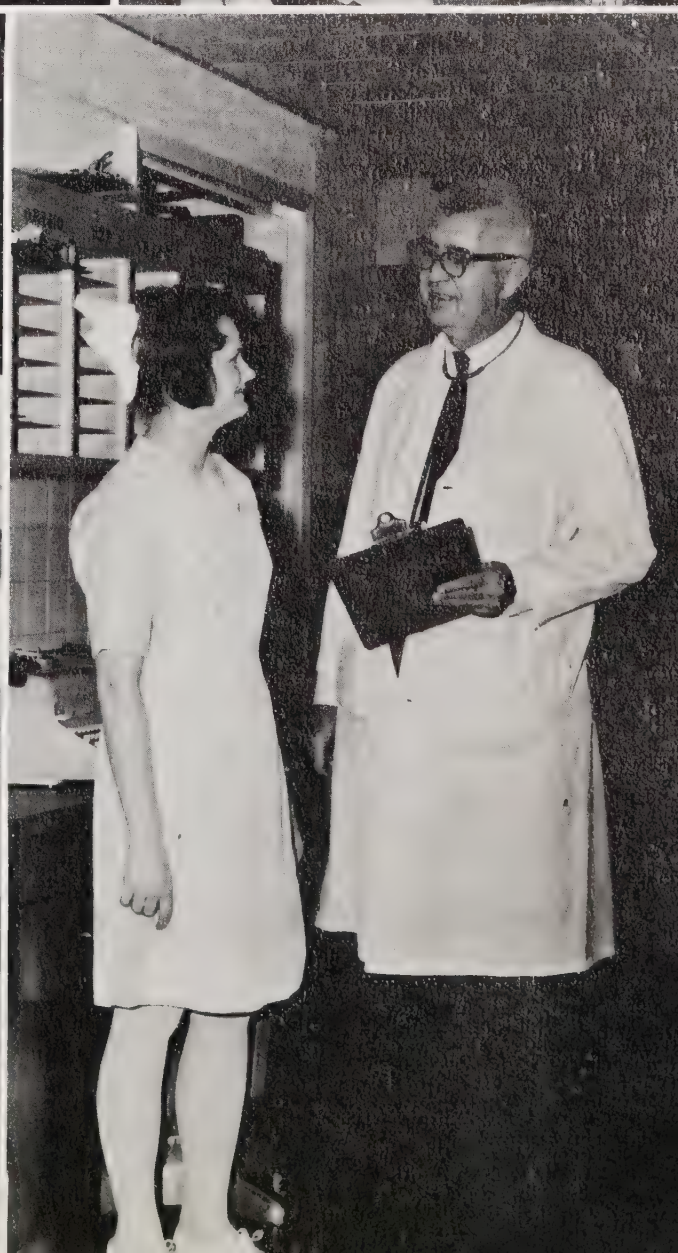
C. P. HOSPITAL

Ann Drennan

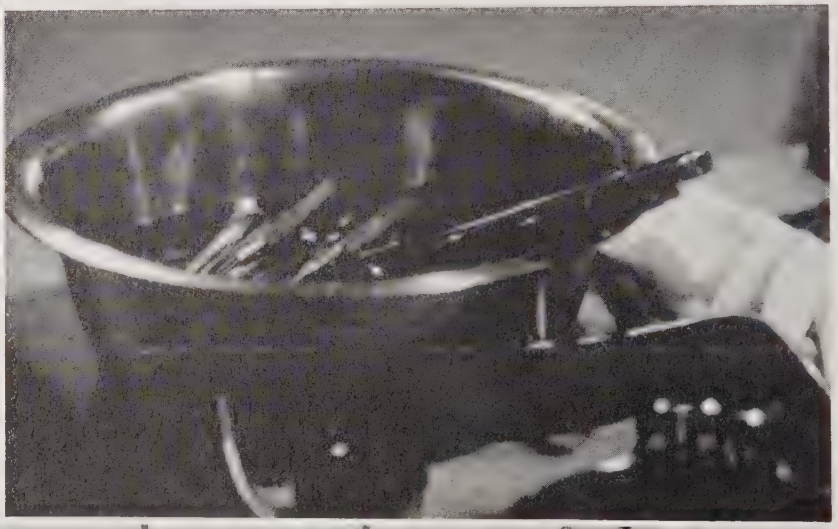
Irene Stanley

SURGERY

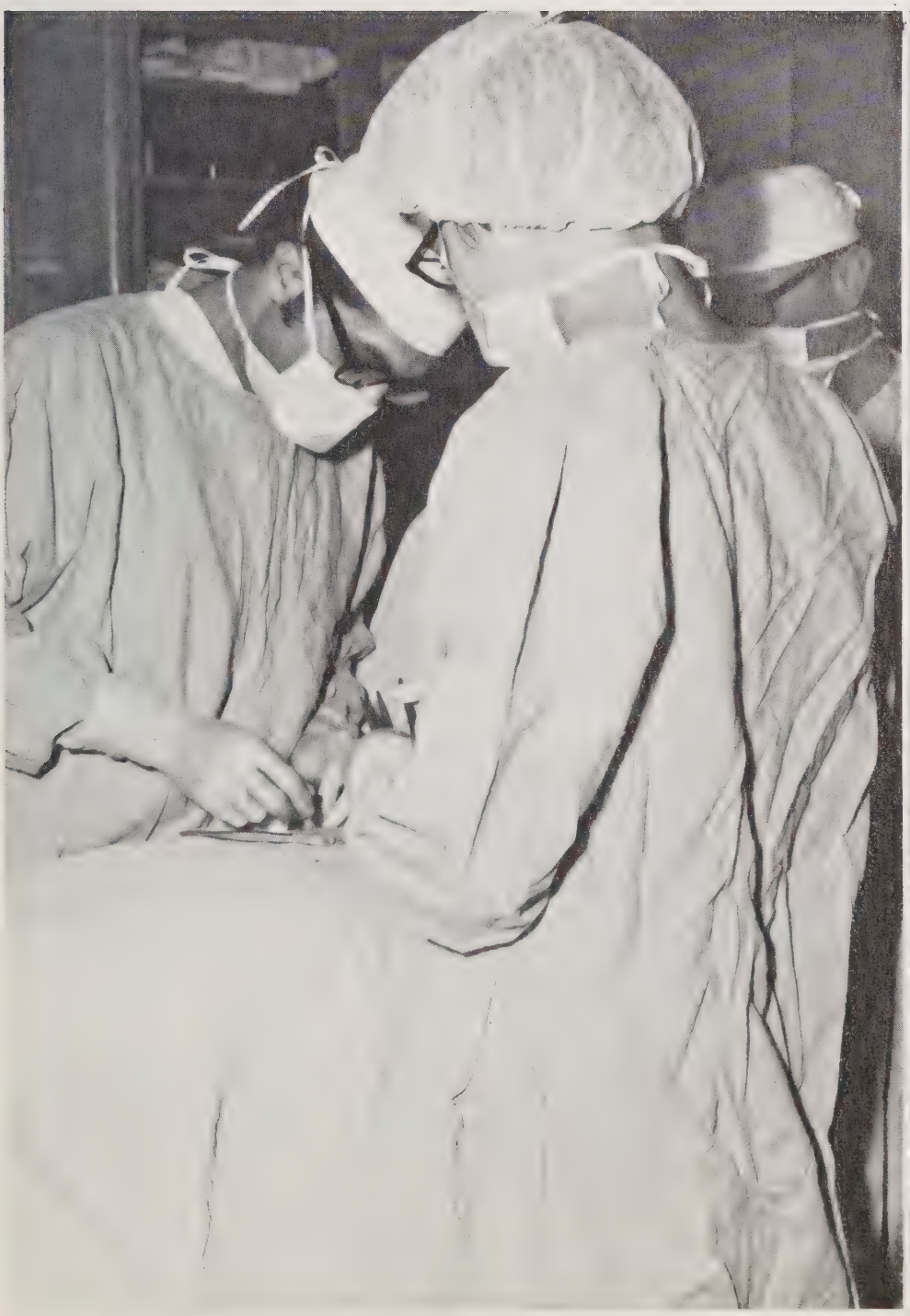
DURHAM
AMBULANCE
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA



The Operating Room is an area where a student can truly exert effectiveness in team work. The working skill exhibited here will never be forgotten. Through her knowledge the student learns to be alert for the unexpected and for her patients needs. In this way, she is more able to provide individualized nursing care for the surgical patient.



. . . a time to
explore new
and
different things



MED-SURG

Mrs. Greta Brooks

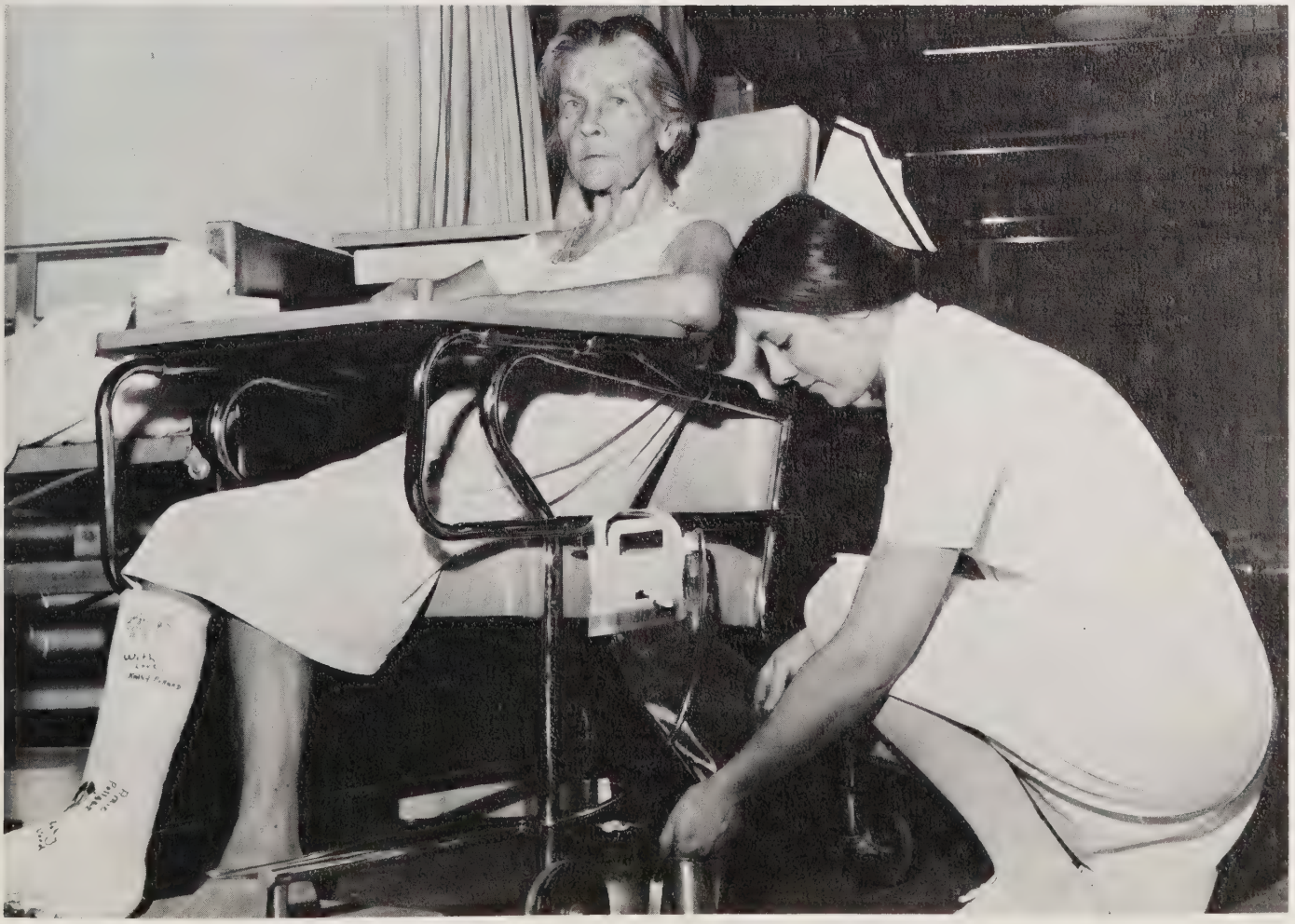
Miss Betty Jean Faulkner

Mrs. Pat Brady

Mrs. Penny Holloway

Med-Surg has been with us throughout our three years in nursing; each level instilling in us more knowledge than we ever knew could exist. This was where we learned what nursing really was and how disease affected the whole world. All the ward personnel were great. We worked together as a team, sharing our experiences and learning from our mistakes. In this way, we were able to apply our knowledge and gave the best nursing care possible.

However, we could not have accomplished all that we have without the aid of our instructors. At times they were hard and expected an awful lot, but they guided us toward our goal for greater knowledge. We learned, but only because we had the best to teach us. We'll never forget them and all the experiences we've shared.



PSYCHIATRY

Understanding is the key point
to accepting others and the acceptance
of self. Without it the world is
dreary and void of all meaning.
Through understanding and patience
the student hopes to accept her
patient and meet his needs, while
at the same time realizing her
own needs and self awareness.

Mrs. Neal

Not Pictured

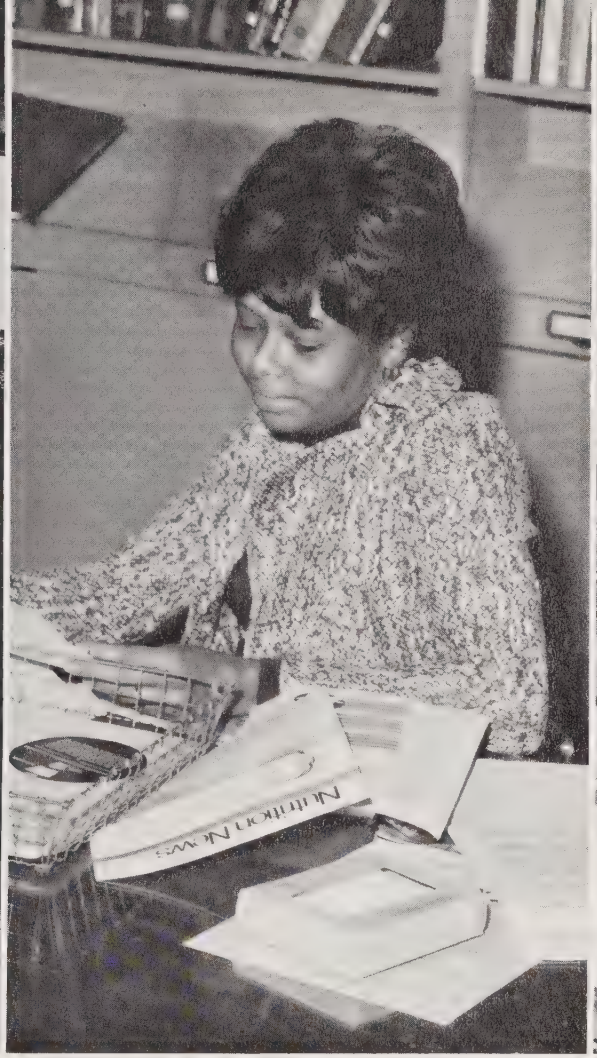
Miss Sherron

HOUSEMOTHERS

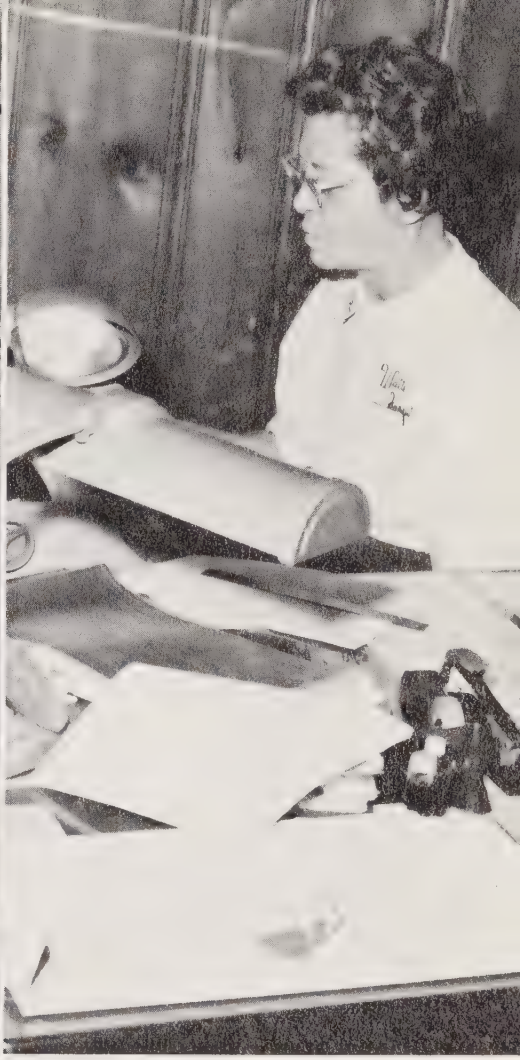
Mrs. Lanier
Mrs. Tucker

Mrs. Lunsford
Mrs. Rickman

Mrs. Pat Holt
Director of Recruitment



Mrs. Priscilla Hoover
Librarian



Mrs. Betsy Hunt
School Secretary

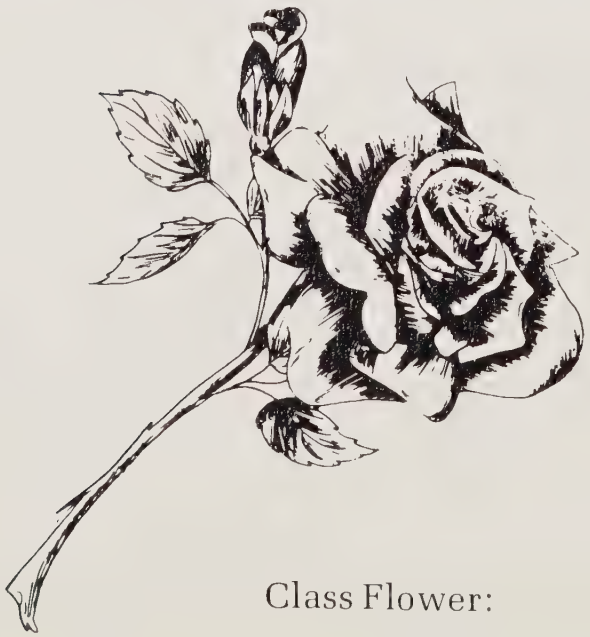
Mrs. Eleanor Rigsbee, Personnel Health Nurse

STUDENTS

. . . a time for
everyone

FRESHMEN

CLASS OFFICERS



Class motto:

"We shall climb this wall and we shall then explore the wonders on the other side."

JFK

Class Flower:

Yellow Rose

JANICE ADAIR

CHARLOTTE ATWATER

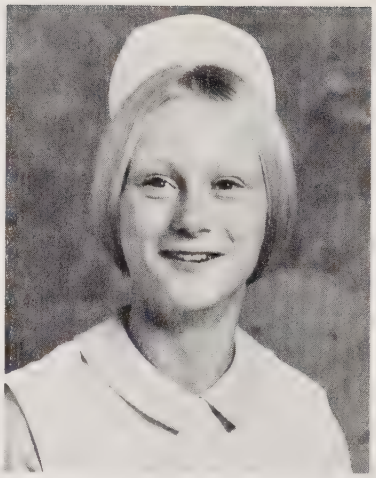
VANESSA BAILEY

JOYCE BALL

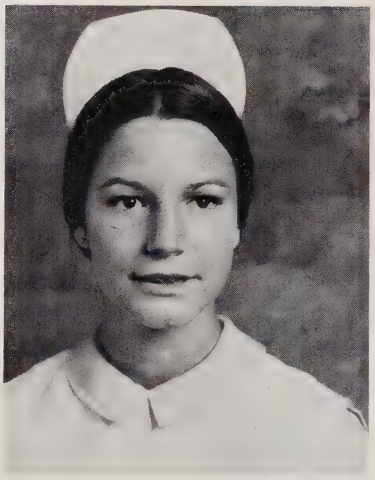
GAIL BARRETT

JUANITA BRADY

SANDRA CABLE



KIM CARMICHAEL



RUTH COLE

BEVERLY COOK

DEBRA COOPER

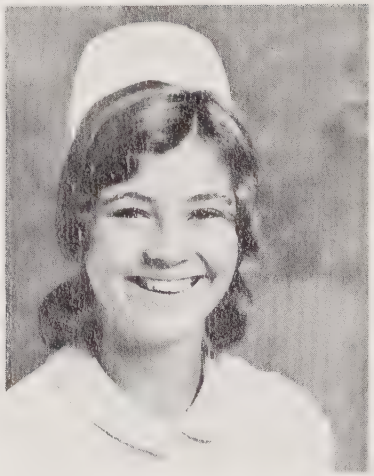
MARIE CRABTREE

BARBARA CRUTCHFIELD

SHEILA DAVIS

GINNY DAVIS

GAYLE EARLY

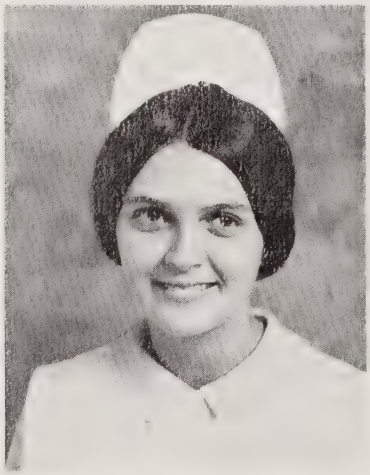


SHERRI EDDINGER

DONNA ELAM

MARY ELESHA

LINDA FERGUSON



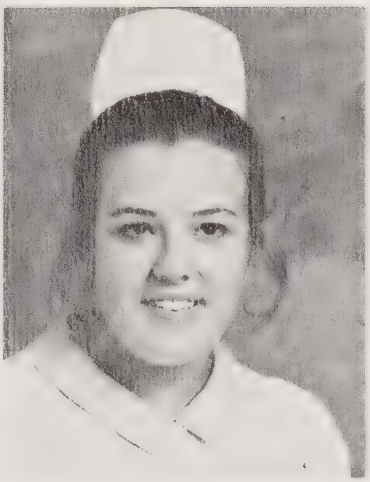
BARBARA GASTER

. . . a time to look around you

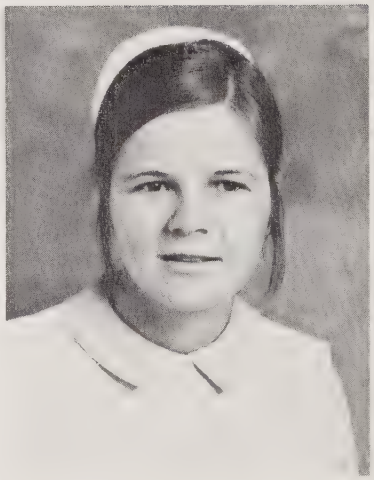
RITA GEORGE

ANN GURGANUS

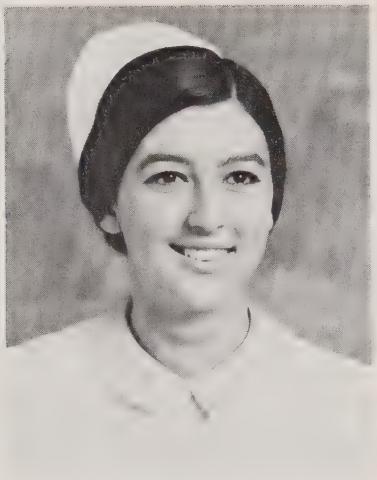
PHYLLIS HARRIS



GWYN HARRISON



SUSAN HOLT

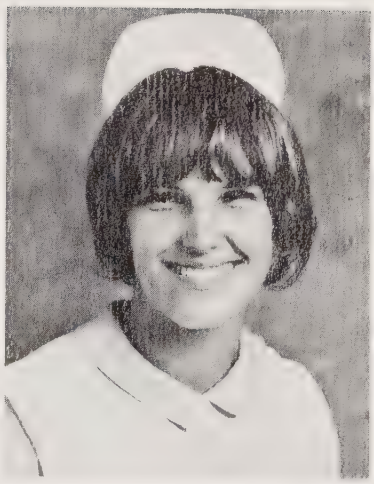


DONNA HAWKINS

CINDY HOWARD

BONNIE JOHNSON

LYNNE LANDING



SYLVIA LAYFIELD

BOBBIE LEGGETT

CINDY LEWIS

GAIL LONG

GENNIE MATTHEWS

BRENDA MAYNARD

DONNA McKENZIE

SHELLY MILES

PAT MILLER

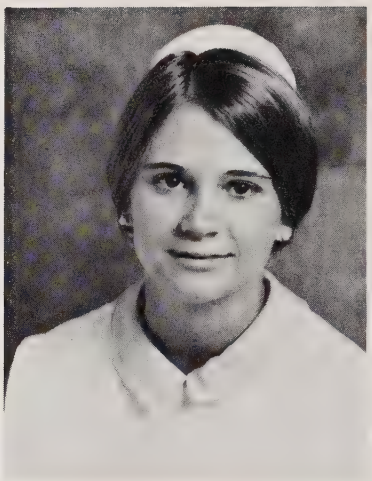
MARILYN MONK

BECKY MOSS

SALLIE NOE

BOBBIE OAKES

KAY OAKES



LYNDA PARHAM

GAIL RHODES

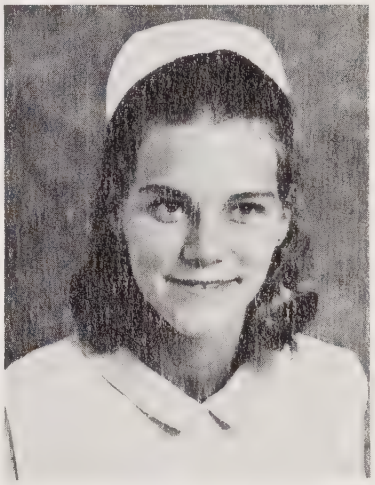
PATSY RIPPEY

CATHY PITTS

EDNA ROGERS

DIANNE SLADE

KAREN SEEKAMP

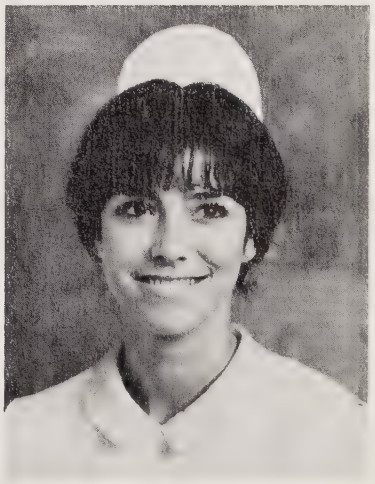


NANCY SOBLE

"This is the beginning of a new day. God has given me this day to use as I will. I can waste it or use it for some good purpose. But what I do with this day is important because I have exchanged a day of my life for it. When tomorrow comes today will be gone forever. I hope I will not regret the price I paid for it."

LISA TURNER

SERVAN UMSTEAD



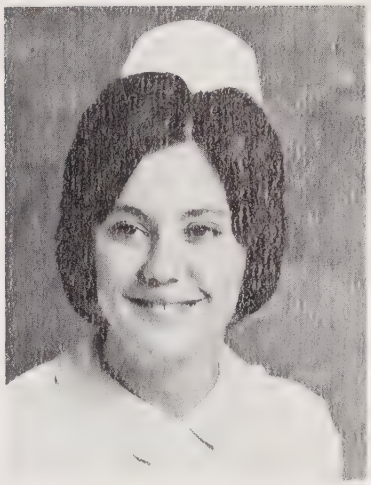
DONNA WAY

RECIPE FOR SUCCESSFUL STUDENT NURSE

One cup of consideration—one cup of courtesy—two cups of flattery carefully concealed—two cups of the milk of human kindness—one gallon of faith in God and each other—two cups of praise—generous dash of cooperation—three teaspoons pure extract of "I'm sorry"—one cup of contentment—one cup of confidence and encouragement—at least one large or several small hobbies—one cup of blindness to each other's faults. Flavor with frequent portions of recreation and a dash of happy memories. Stir well and remove any specks of jealousy, temper or criticism. Sweeten well with generous portions of love and keep warm with a steady flame of devotion. Never serve with cold shoulder or hot tongue.

KAY WILEY

FRANCES WILLIAMSON



CATHY WILSON

ELLEN WOOD

JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

CLASS MOTTO: If I did not work,
these worlds would
perish . . .
Bhagavad-Gita

CLASS FLOWER: Carolina Blue Carnation

LYNN BENFIELD

DEBORAH BURKE

BRENDA BOWLES

BARBARA BURKE

BRENDA CASH

VIOLET CLAYTON

WANDA CLAYTON

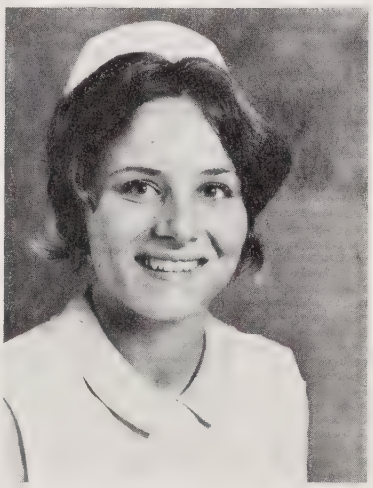
PATTY CLINE

PRISCILLA COLE

TRILBY DRAEGER

CAMILLE ECKERD

BETTY FERRELL



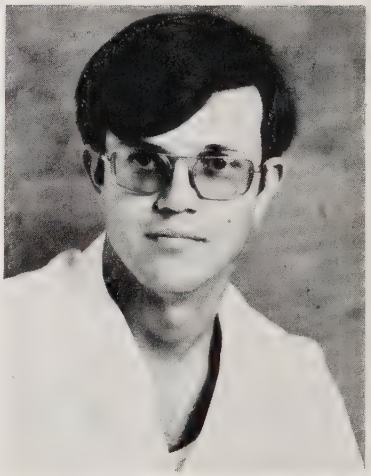
DEE FORBES

CATHY FOUSHEE

DEBBIE HORNER

DIANE HURDLE

SHIRLEY JONES



STEVE KORNEGAY

JOSIE MARTIN

KITTY MEDLIN

SUSAN MERKEL

MARCIA PERRY

MARTHA ROGERS

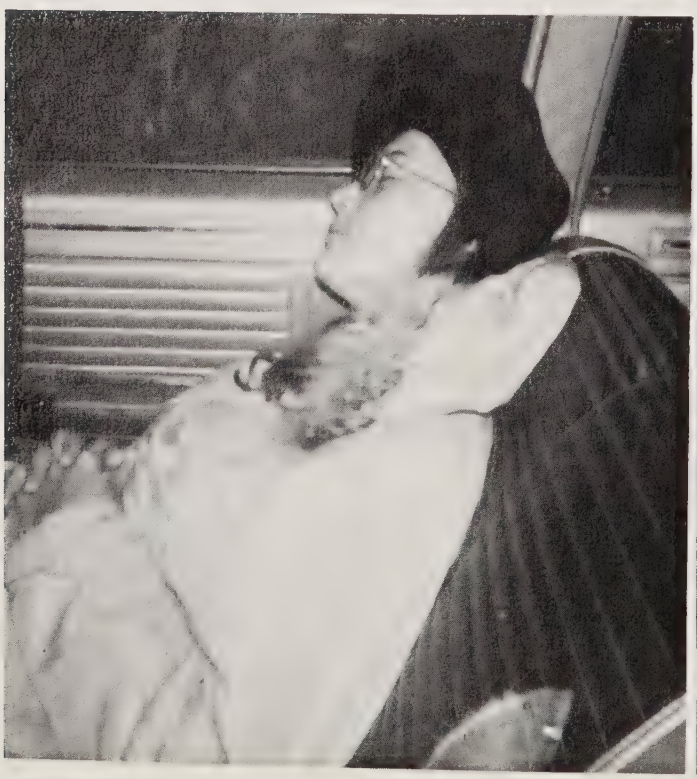
PAM SATTERFIELD

MARION SESSOMS

LOIS SHARPE

DONNA SINGLETON

KAREN SINCLAIR



JOANNE SNEAD

SALLY STEPHENSON

BARBARA THOMAS

ROSE WHITE

LINDA WHITFIELD

SHEILA WIKERSON

A TIME FOR

You are
the young
wonder-tree
plant, grown
out of
ruins . . .

Baronga — African
folk tale

DEBBIE WILLIAMS

SANDE WILLIAMS

GUESSING WHO?

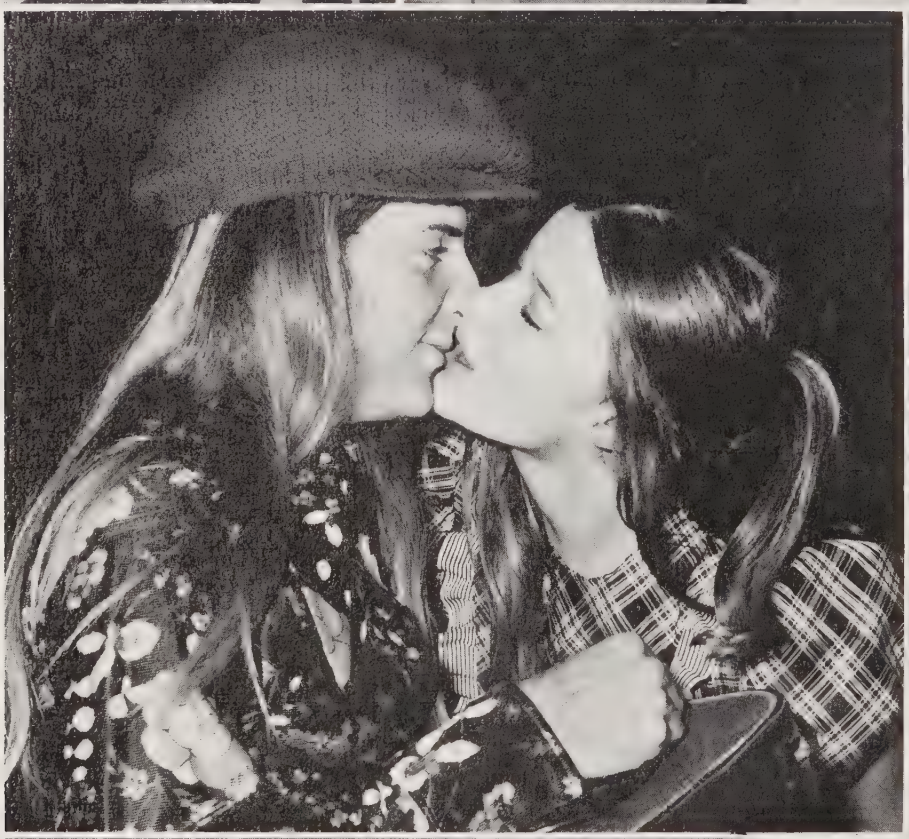
SANDRA WOODLIEF

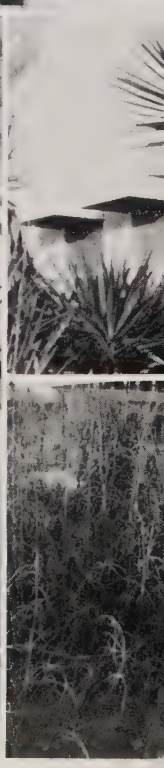
SHIRLEY YOUNG

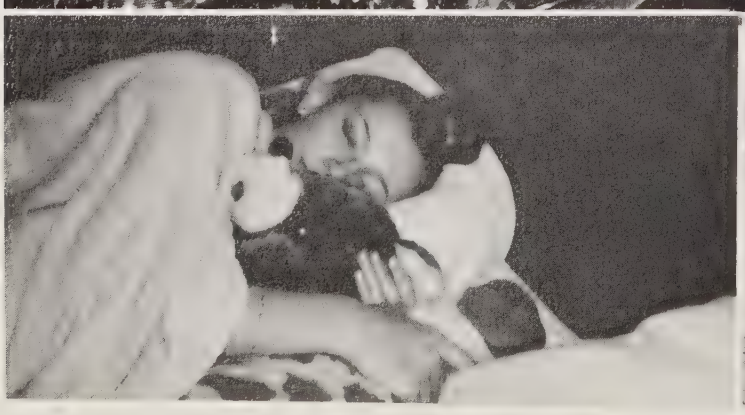
CLIMB 'TILL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE

Often your tasks will be many.
And more than you think you can do . . .
Often the road will be rugged
And the hills insurmountable too . . .
But always remember the hills ahead
Are never as steep as they seem . . .
And with Faith in your heart start upward . . .
And climb 'til you reach your dream . . .
If you have the courage to try it
And you have the Faith to believe . . .
For Faith is a force that is greater
Than knowledge or power or skill
And many defeats turn to triumph
If you trust in God's wisdom and will . . .
For Faith is a mover of mountains . . .
There's nothing that God cannot do . . .
So start out today with Faith in your heart
And "Climb 'Til Your Dream Comes True"!

Helen Steiner Rice







Flow,
flow,
flow,
the current
of life
is ever
onward . . .

Kobodaishi

SENIORS

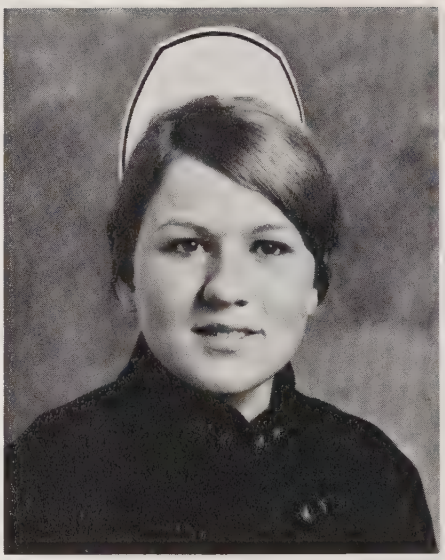
Class Officers

Class Motto: We are tomorrow

Class Flower: Daisy

Ann Allsbrook Adkins
Cary, N.C.

Anneke Algra
Durham, N.C.



Brenda Blackwood
Graham, N. C.

Judy Marian Bowling
Durham, N. C.

Anna Lee Carter
Liberty, N. C.

Rachel Irene Carter
Durham, N. C.

Susan Smyre Clark
Durham, N. C.

LaRue Blinson Daniel
Butner, N. C.

Patricia Ann Denning
Benson, N. C.

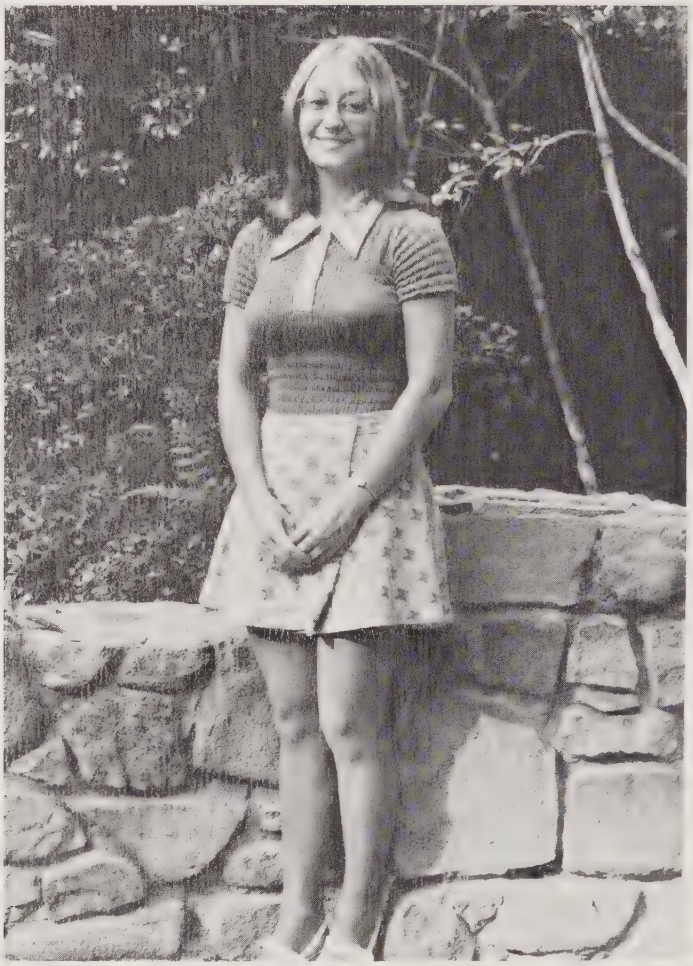
Joan Frances Deschenes
Charlotte, N. C.

Toni Renee Elder
Havelock, N. C.

Carol Sue Filicky
Smithfield, N. C.

Vickie Dianne Gattis
Carrboro, N. C.

Dorothy Ward Gore
Whiteville, N. C.

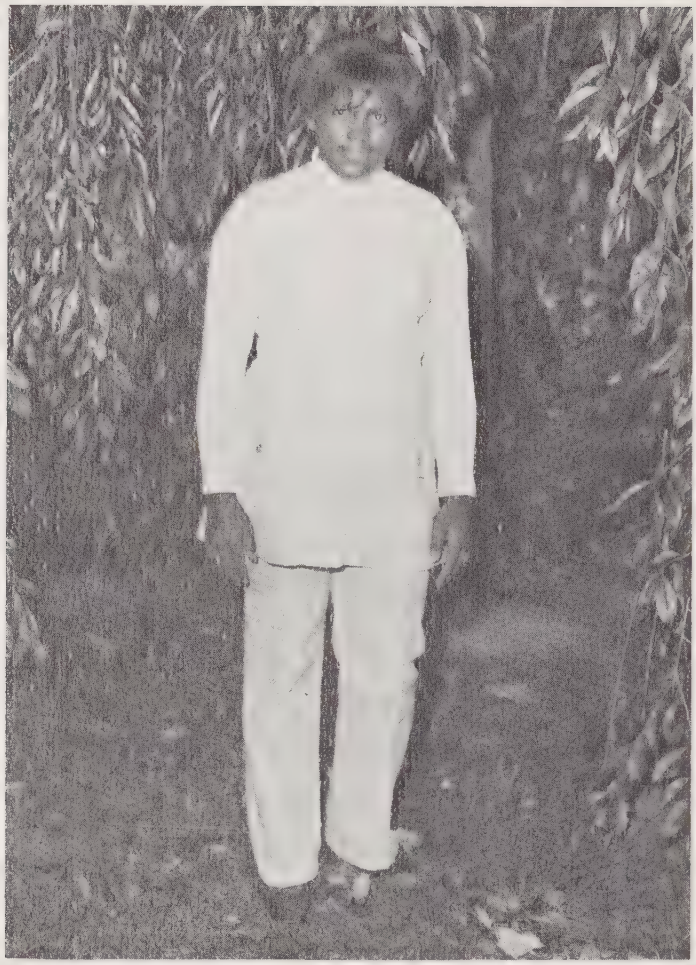


Barbara Dianne Hall
Olivia, N. C.

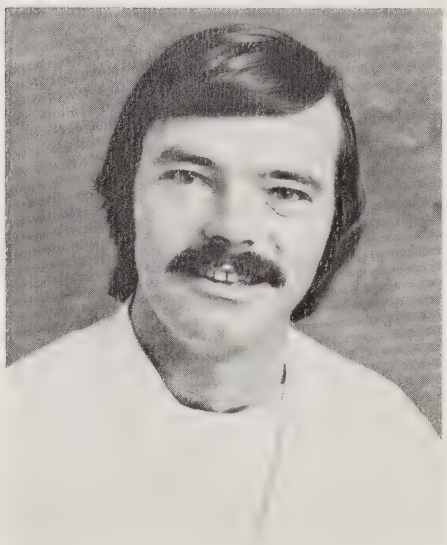
Phyllis Hope Harris
Siler City, N. C.

Linda Ann Hill
Columbia, N. C.

Janice Elizabeth Jones
Greensboro, N. C.



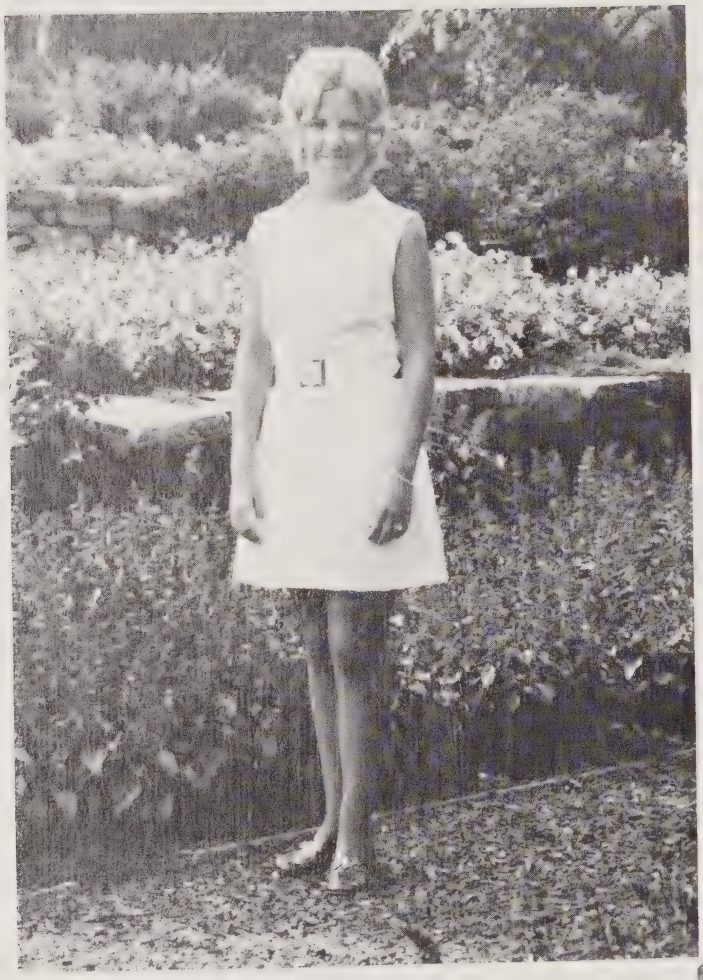
Frances Louise Liverman
Columbia, N. C.



Robert Eugene McCain
Chicago, Illinois

Patricia Ann Menius
New Bern, N. C.

Lynne Marie Norfolk
Greenville, N. C.



Judy Ann Oates
Hillsborough, N. C.

Linda Shelton O'Quinn
Durham, N. C.

Cristianna Parham
Henderson, N. C.

Helen Davis Pattishall
Durham, N. C.

Deborah Ann Pendergrass
Burlington, N. C.

Elizabeth Josephine Pierce
New Bern, N. C.

Joanne Lark Ray
Burlington, N. C.

Vickie Lynn Rivenbark
Wallace, N. C.

Karen Denise Smith
Burlington, N. C.

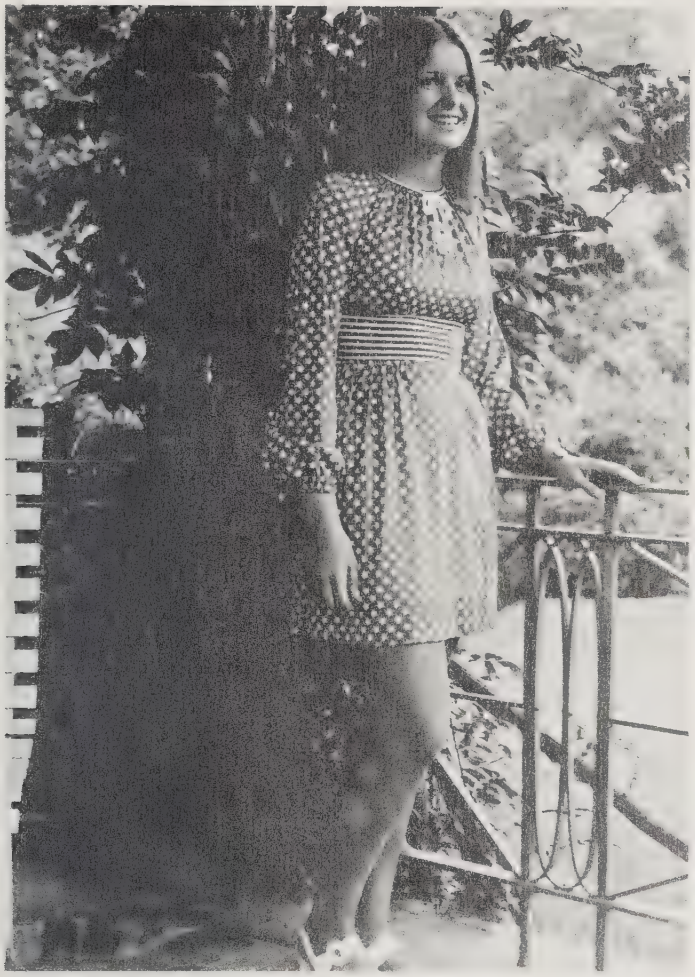
Carol Renée Stancil
Kinston, N. C.

Deborah Sue Wallace
Washington, N. C.

Edith Vandora Whitfield
Roxboro, N. C.

Mary Beth Pender Wilson
Clayton, N. C.

Jodi E. Winterkorn
Durham, N. C.



Evelyn Elaine Yount
Butner, N. C.

OUR SENIOR YEAR

It seems like an eternity since we, the Class of 1973, first entered the Watts Hospital School of Nursing. The memories of initiation will never be forgotten, nor will the memories of our Big Sisters, who were always around with encouragement. We soon began to settle ourselves into a way of life that would be ours for the next three years, and one which would bring us all to a common goal. We were not exactly sure how to begin our journey, but set out with enthusiasm and anticipation of events soon to come.

N.C.C.U., the fire station, Fundamentals, our Charlie Brown play, being campused, and Christmas Caroling were all memories of our Freshman year. We looked forward to the first days on the ward and finally caught a glimpse of what real nursing meant. We made mistakes, but we worked hard to better ourselves and achieve success.

Then we became Juniors and we were the Big Sisters now. We moved bravely to Hill House and to a greater degree of responsibility and new experiences. We now assumed a new uniform, commonly known as the "scrub dress". Many long hours were spent in these. The skill of surgeons, the miracle of birth, and the joys and sorrows of Pediatrics will always be with us. At times it seemed as if we were so separated, but we found the time to reunite at dances, cookouts, and, of course, the Haufbrau. Med-Surg was long and hot, but the daily get-togethers around the pool were a welcome relief.

Then the long awaited day of Black Banding arrived. We took on our black bands becoming the Seniors; soon to assume more responsibilities and challenges than we had ever met before. We were proud and happy, but also sad. Soon we would lose our Big Sisters — but they would never be forgotten. Butner was an experience, instilling in us a greater understanding of others and a greater awareness of ourselves. Med-surg and Leadership brought us back together for the last few remaining months.

Now, graduation is right around the corner. We're happy and proud, but also sad. Soon we'll leave and go our separate ways. But, the memories we have and the friendships we've made will never be forgotten. One thing will remain with us all: the desire to serve humanity to the best of our knowledge. After all, this is what nursing is all about.

STUDENT NURSES come in all sizes, shapes and caps. They are found everywhere — underneath, on top of, running around, jumping over, or slithering past patients' beds. Doctors yell at them; head nurses criticize them; interns tolerate them; residents overlook them; mothers worry about them; and patients love them.

A Student Nurse is courage under a cap, a smile in snowy white, ambition in a starched uniform, and energy that is endless. Just when she is gaining poise and prestige, she drops a glass, breaks a syringe, or steps on a doctor's foot.

A Student Nurse is a composite. She has the speed of a gazelle, the strength of an ox, the quickness of a cat, the endurance of a flagpole sitter, and the capabilities of a Florence Nightingale all rolled into one white uniform.

To the head nurse, she has the stability of mush, the fleetness of a snail, the mentality of a mule, and is held together by starch, adhesive tape, and strained nerves. To an alumna, she will never work so hard, carry more trays, make more beds, or scrub for more cases than her predecessors.

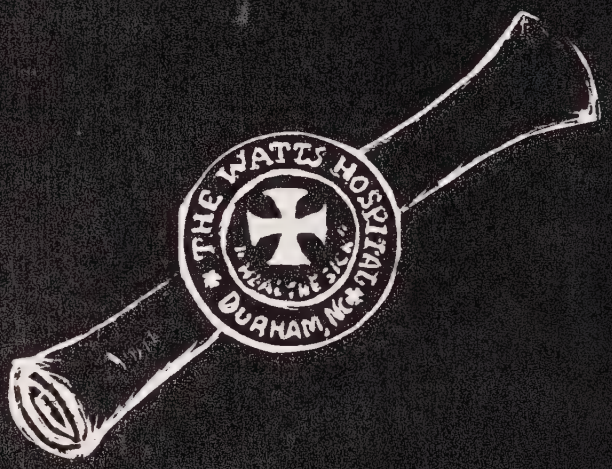
A Student Nurse is Faith with a hypo in her hand; Hope with a patched uniform; Love with her hair clipped short. She likes days off, boys her own age, the OR, affiliations, certain doctors, pretty clothes, her roommate, Mom and Dad, and yes, her nursing school. She's not much on days off with class. She dislikes alarm clocks, getting up for roll call, and corned beef every Tuesday.

No one else looks forward so much to a day off, or so little to working 3 to 11. No one else gets so much pleasure from straightening a wrinkled sheet or wetting a pair of parched lips. No one else gets such satisfaction in fluffing a pillow, applying a bandage, or easing the pains of a patient.

A Student Nurse is a wonderful creature. You can criticize her but you cannot dishearten her. You can hurt her feelings but you cannot make her quit. Might as well admit it whether you are head nurse, doctor, chaplain or patient — she is a hard-working determined young woman, doing her best for her patient, her school, her hospital, and her God. She may not be glamourous, intriguing or sophisticated, but she is young at heart — and a shining example of the American Way.

Whenever she becomes discouraged or the lamp gets too heavy, she should remember that there is a reward waiting for her. Because surely some of God's angels wear white caps instead of halos, and carry medicine trays instead of harps. And when hours are long, studies are hard; when fatigue and lonesomeness are on her threshold, she is reinspired by looking forward to the day when she can proudly say —

"I'm a Nurse!"



. . . a time for
good-byes

Watts School of Nursing Library
D.C.H.C.